

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

## LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,  
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 22.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1805.

[WHOLE No. 126]

## Bromley Melmot ;

A NOVEL.

Continued from page 161.

"**P**ERFIDIOUS girl!" cried Melmot, throwing the letter down, and trampling it with his feet;—"can this be the once pure and artless Maria!—Oh! what sweetness beamed in her tearful eyes, as she bade me adieu—when her arms fondly encircled my neck, and she vow'd ever more to love me!" The remembrance melted him to tears; and again the unkindness of Mr. Bromley rushed upon his mind, and snatching a pen from the standish, he began to give Mrs. Nettleby a recapitulation of every transaction during the eighteen months he had been in London; imploring her to intercede with Mr. Bromley, and explain to him the particulars. This he dispatched, and had the mortification to learn, for answer, that his uncle positively forbade his name being ever mentioned in the house; and Mrs. Nettleby assured him she must decline all further correspondence with him.

All Melmot's grief now gave way to resentment, at this contemptuous obstinacy, and he determined no longer to importune them for that favor he had never deserved to lose.

Percival, through a good-natured error, and fearing that a too close reflection on the injuries he had sustained might affect his reason, incessantly dragged him about from one place of amusement to another.

While the unhappy Melmot, no longer careful of his fate, fell into excesses as injurious to his health as character, he had still a faint hope of sometimes catching a glimpse of Maria, who he doubted not was in London.—His reason thus obscured, Melmot soon became an adept in every fashionable vice; and, heedless of the exhortations daily given him by captain Harley, plunged into every species of extravagance, and greatly exceeded the bounds of his annual income.

Lamenting to Percival, one day, his ill luck at Brookes's, and the impaired state of his finances, the captain addressed him with a seriousness of manner that he seldom assumed, except upon circumstances of a very particular nature.—

"If you would amend the profligacy of manners you have lately adopted, Melmot, I could recommend a plan, which, I think, would both repair your broken fortune and happiness; at the same time that it would be the means of securing to you the favor of my father, which your recent conduct seems very likely to remove.

"Name it," cried Melmot, eagerly.

"By marrying my sister, Marianne."

Melmot was irritated—"Do you mean to banter me, Percival?"

"No—by Heaven!" said Percival, striking his breast with solemnity; "but knowing you are now disengaged from Maria——"

Melmot paced the room in agony; and Percival continued——

"I have thought proper to divulge a secret I have long known;—Marianne, notwithstanding the levity of her manners, is susceptible of tender emotions; and, from your first introduction into this family, has beheld you with increasing partiality. She is amiable, and her fortune will be considerable."

"And do you think, sir," said Melmot, with an air of insulted dignity, that I could be that wretch to offer your sister the hand of a man destitute of family, friends, or fortune?——

With a heart racked and torn by the pangs of despairing love, and an image in my breast, that, in spite of the wrongs I have suffered, can never be erased;—could I profane her virtues, in an union with such a rascal!—or, in the hope of recruiting my own circumstances, drag a worthy girl to perdition!"

"Dear Melmot, be calm," cried



Percival, endeavoring to compose the distraction of his mind: "you view things through a false medium; you are not, I know, such a worthless wretch. But consider, instead of involving Marianne in the misery you picture, it is in your power to make her a happy woman. She loves you—and love will teach her to think highly of your faults; and, trust me, happiness cannot be lost to you for ever, while it is left in your power to confer it upon others. By dispensing pleasure to those about you, you must infallibly (unless callous to every laudable feeling) partake it yourself; and I am convinced that the exertion of that good sense I know you to possess, will show you the propriety of relinquishing an idea, that may, with honor, now be wholly abandoned."

Melmot remained silent, through conviction and grief; but, after a pause, flinging himself into the arms of his friend, he sobbed—"I will struggle—Give me but a short time, and I will be all you wish."

Percival, not chusing to dwell too long upon a subject that must be irksome to him, withdrew, and left him to his meditations; insisting upon his accompanying the family that night to the theatre.

Melmot continued distracted with a thousand various passions: at one moment, he thought there might be a possibility of Maria's innocence; but still that hated note intercepted all his hopes, and, in a phrenzy of despair, he tore it to atoms; then, almost melancholy, dressed for his evening's appointment.

It was his lot, either by design or accident, to squire Marianne. As he paid his compliments, he was struck with the alteration of her appearance: all her former gaiety was lost in a bewitching languor, and her eyes, suffused with tears of affection and pity, beamed on him with such sympathizing sweetness, that his gratitude was irresistibly engaged. At his approach, her cheeks were bespread with a glow of consciousness; and the smile she thought necessary to put on was evidently the offspring of constraint. As he took her hand to lead her to the carriage, he felt it tremble: all the tender emotions of his heart were called up, and he

pressed it with a fervor to his breast that brought tears into his eyes.

Melmot seemed to attend little to the performance: his mind was engrossed by his own peculiar fate; and Marianne, renewing her gaiety, tried every little blandishment to wean his mind from its corroding cares. The loud laugh of some women in an upper box roused Melmot from his temporary stupefaction, and looking up, his eyes were blasted by the sight of Maria, between two women of improper character!

For a moment he could scarcely believe his senses; for the improved beauty of her face, and elegance of her dress, almost precluded the possibility of recognition; till, observing him, she rose, and beckoned him with one of those enchanting smiles which used once so much to fascinate him. Filled with disgust at her matchless effrontery, he turned from her; and, unconscious of the action, covered his eyes with his hands, and reclined his head on the shoulder of Marianne. Percival reminded him of his error; and added—

"See Melmot—you are beckoned."

Marianne turned pale; and, rising, said—"Let us quit the house—we are remarked."

Melmot, shuddering, cast a look at the box where he had seen Maria, but the party had quitted it, and he returned with Miss Harley; but finding himself incapable of conversation that night, obtained permission to retire. He flung himself on his bed in an agony not to be imagined, and the distress of his mind brought on an alarming fever, which confined him for a week. The violence of his paroxysm at length abated, and, with returning health, all remembrance of the faithless Maria seemed obliterated, and he determined to give himself up a sacrifice to friendship; for he plainly perceived that his courtesy to Miss Marianne would greatly raise him in the estimation of Percival, in whose wishes Susanna also participated and as her tender and unremitting care of him during his recent malady entitled her to every recompence in his power, he determined no selfish consideration should induce him to delay what would so eminently conduce to their satisfaction.

#### CHAP. IX.

#### A SUCCESSFUL PLOT—AND A MORAL APOSTROPHE.

It is now necessary to return to the inhabitants of Saltash, where, as soon as the departure of Melmot was confirmed beyond a doubt, Mrs. Nettleby gave a loose to her rancor against the innocent usurper of what she termed her rights; which rights consisted of the best sleeping apartment, the seat at the head of the table, and the regulation of the daily household expenditures; points, which she conceived her dignity lessened by being deprived of. She saw, also, the utmost parental fondness of Mr. Bromley for this lovely orphan.

Meanwhile Maria, ignorant of the enemy who was endeavoring to destroy her repose, felt no sorrow but what the absence of her lover created.

At length she perceived Mr. Bromley more attentive to Mrs. Nettleby, and their private conferences often lasted a considerable time. The latter had received from her ignorant agent, Tom, an account of Melmot, which, through inattention, had exaggerated his foibles and gave them the appearance of vices. One passage in his letter ran as follows:—

"I am likewise, Ma'am, sorry to say, that my young master, though very kind, indeed, to me, is but a *harum-scarum* sort of a gentleman. There is a very pretty girl where Mr. Melmot lodges; and, for all they say she lives with her aunt, Lord Melfort's footman told me, in confidence, was no better than old harridan: and told me, also that his lord made very great proposals to her, which she refused, because there was articles of agreement between her and captain Harley. But he seems to think that Mr. Melmot is not so badly treated. In fact, it is true they are very much together: and the other night I had to assist the captain in taking him home, so drunk, that he could not stand. Sad doings these are, I am sure. I never could have thought young Mr. Bromley could be such a reprobate: but this London is such a wicked place, that young men are driven into desperate ways. And, what is worse than all, it is reported, that he is going to marry Miss Harley: but



for my part, I cannot think he would be such a base fellow (saving his presence) to desert his pretty sweetheart in Saltash; for you know Ma'am, it would be a wicked thing. I hope, howsoever, you will not tell good Mr. Bromley of this, for it would make him very unhappy; and as for Miss Maria, it would, for certain, break her heart. So, honored madam, no more at present from your servant to command,

THOMAS BUTLEY."

(To be continued.)

FOR THE VISITOR.

I HAVE NO LEISURE.

WHAT is the reason you do not shave? Why your beard is so long and so black and so dirty that you—My dear friend said I, interrupting him, *I have no leisure*; to-morrow is Sunday, and then if I don't have a clean muzzle I'll know the reason.—

Neighbor Spriggins, said my friend, you are all in the wrong; 'tis not your beard alone that you neglect, but all the rest of your concerns. Look at your windows, stuffed with old hats and old pillows! the hay and straw peeping out of your barn at *all sides and ends*!

I have seen your sheep dragging the remains of their fleeces after them at mid-summer!—Why I could hardly get into your house just now, the door is so choked up with snow! Look at that falling—

Hold said I neighbor Prime, *I cannot think of a thousand things at once*. Don't you know that we are all engaged in digging our flax from under the snow? There it is, said he, neighbor Spriggins! your affairs will always be at sixes and sevens, your coat and your barn out of the elbows, and your beard as long as black and as dirty as a shoe-brush, till you afford yourself *leisure*. 'Tis true, said I, neighbor Prime, I have often wondered how you manage to appear so neat, and have every thing about you so tight and snug. My farm is naturally as good as your's; yet I am in debt; my buildings want repairs, and I am always behind with my business,—

And you always will be neighbor Spriggins, said he, till you have *leisure*.—

Shall I tell you how this is to be obtained? I should be much obliged to you, said I, if you would inform me how much spare time a man has in a week who has not half a minute a day.

The grand secret neighbor Spriggins, said he, is to *do one thing at a time*, and to *finish* that one thing, to round it off neighbor, and stick down a stake, as a body may say; then you have both hands at liberty to take hold of another thing; but keep fast hold of that other thing; grapple him tight neighbor Spriggins, till you have him under too. 'Tis impossible to hold a plow and shear a sheep at the same time, you cannot with one hand be sowing turnips here, and with the other yoking your steers down in Ox-bow-meadow.—No, no, one thing at a time, again I say, and with both hands too, resolutely, neighbor Spriggins; and take my word for it, this sprouting about your mouth, however obstinate, will be kept under; your easements will be filled with *flanes* instead of pillows; and your sheep will no more be seen dragging like sluts their tattered trains through mud gutters. You will have *leisure* neighbor Spriggins, leisure to begin a piece of business in season and to finish it in season, and leisure to look up—to look about you, neighbor Spriggins.

Here ended my neighbor Prime, and took his leave. As soon as he was gone, I sat down (I had not *leisure* before) and began to reflect on what he said.

Surely, said I to myself, surely Simon thou art a great he-goat! bustling and climbing, and puffing and fretting all thy days—thou hast been very busy—doing what, Simon?—From this moment I determined to take neighbor Prime's advice.

'Tis now four years since I became *systematic and determined*; and so great is the change you would hardly know *Tripe-hill* or its owner. I soon found *leisure* to visit neighbor Prime in a new coat and with a smooth chin;—I have found time to write you an account of my happy change, and have sufficient *leisure* to finish something every week for the Visitor should you think it worth printing.

Your's to serve,

SIMON SPRIGGINS.

*Tripe-hill,*  
*Bergen, (N. J.)*

ON LIFE.

LIFE is short. the poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matters it if your neighbor lies interred in a splendid tomb? sleep you with innocence. Look behind you through the tracks of time; a vast desert of unincumbrages lies open in the retrospect: through this desert have your forefathers journeyed until, wearied with years and sorrow, they sunk from the walk of man. You must leave them where they fell, and you are to go on a little farther, where you will find eternal rest. Whatever you may encounter between the cradle and grave, be not dismayed. The universe is in endless motion; every moment big with innumerable events, which come not in slow succession, but bursting forcibly from a revolving and unknown cause, fly over this orb with diversified influence. Should you be plunged into disagreeable circumstances, from those very circumstances may another be at that moment rising to the summit of his good fortune; so may your neighbor's inconvenience prove beneficial to you.

None can know the eternal purpose of existence; but there is a grand equilibrium preserved by one mighty chain of independencies. Look then at the universe; limit not the view of your soul to one hemisphere, and ask your reason, if, in such awful revolutions of the world and their inhabitants, pain or pleasure must not constitutionally affect you. Be ever fearless; yield reluctantly to the passions; increase the regions of the mind, and know, that as you have no will to resist the power of death, death can do no evil further than it affects the imagination. To sleep, to go through various changes, or to wake everlastingly, is equally independent of your will. Therefore cheerfully trust the future; only dread the act that may wound your established rectitude of thought.

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG LADIES.

*Lovely creatures.*

TAKE well this advice, formed to wipe off blemishes in your conduct; some of which are rather the fault of your situation in the world and your education, than your natural disposition.



tion. If you would be truly valuable, estimate not yourselves chiefly according to your money or land, but on the graces of your persons and minds. I advise you to read a little more; read divinity, morality, history, innocent poetry, and if you like, the stories of prudent generous love. You dress well and have the belle air and mein; be as polite in your language as in your dress, and learn to write a style, I mean to be able to write on all occasions, not as scholars, but as gentlewomen. As you are ingenious, a little application forms you good house-wives; but to improve the beauties of the mind and carriage will cost you more. Blend both accomplishments together, and not as some, be mutes and statues, in company; nor as others, perpetual larums. No longer be won by faces with brainless heads, or silk stockings with runaway legs within them.—Neither mistake a very low bow for pure good manners, nor a powdered tortured head with a short foppish tail for gentility, nor a fool that wears pantaloons that button up under his chin, trimmed off with a gross or two of velvet binding and a vest about six inches long, for an independent fortune, nor servile cringing for true love. Above all, do not mistake wit for wisdom, but cast a benign and tender eye on him who has steady manly virtue and prudence in his conduct, and gives fair hopes of minding at heart the main chance. Do not take an affront, and report slander about any person without a just reason, for nothing is more unbecoming and disagreeable in society; and I presume to say that many of you find it so by experience.

To conclude, I inform you that a party of ladies at the next house talk so fast and laugh so uncommonly loud, that I am obliged to stop to admire the blessings of strong lungs.

*Balance.*

#### REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF HUMANITY.

ONE Reuben Rouzy, of Virginia, owed Gen. Washington about a thousand pounds. While the general was president of the United States, one of his agents brought suit for the money, judgment was obtained, and execu-

tion issued against the body of the defendant, who was taken to jail. He had a considerable landed property, but this kind of property cannot be sold in Virginia for debts, unless at the discretion of the person. He had a large family, and preferred lying in jail to selling his land, for the sake of his children.—Some of his acquaintance hinted to him that probably General Washington did not know any thing of the proceeding, and it might be well to send him a petition, with a statement of the circumstances. He did so, and the very next post from Philadelphia, after his petition arrived, brought him a release, with a severe reprimand on the agent for acting in such a cruel manner without consent. Poor Rouzy was in consequence restored to his family and happiness, who never lay down their heads at night without offering their prayers to heaven for our much beloved WASHINGTON.

*From the Philadelphia Daily Advertiser.*

#### CORNS.

ALWAYS willing to give any information conducive to the melioration of my fellow sufferers, I humbly tender the following receipt for irradiating the most inveterate corns.

Take a little unwrought cotton, lay it on the part affected—wear it for a week or two, and you will find in an unaccountable manner the corn will be dislodged, and nothing left to console the proprietary but the cob.

I had been hugely afflicted for a considerable time, with a concomitant of this kind, and finally was obliged to wear an old shoe, put down at the heel, to my great mortification and peril at this inclement season:—was advised to the above stated remedy, and am very happy to find, after wearing the cotton for ten days, the corn was completely gone, and pleased myself with the consolatory idea of to-morrow putting on my "Bennet's royal best" and "Bedford's up to the knees."

JACOBUS.

#### THE DOMESTIC AND THE GADDER.

A CORRESPONDENT has communicated the following as a faithful description of two *Ladies*, with one or the other of whom we have some reason to think most families are acquainted.

Our correspondent, we presume, is in *trade*, as he states the account in the debtor and creditor style, which to prevent mistakes, we shall adopt.

*London pass.*

##### *The Domestic.*

Is never without employment, & her time passes so cheerfully as always to appear short.

Is always found at home when she is wanted.—

Shortens her nights; & lengthens her days.

Is anxious that matters go on well at home.

Is ready at an hour's warning to receive her own or her husband's company,

Sees every thing with her own eyes, and hears with her own ears.

Is cool, deliberate, collected, leisurely.

Is happiest in the small circle of a comfortable fireside.

Having done one thing, knows what remains to be done next.

##### *The Gadder.*

Can fix herself at no employment, & her time passes so uncomfortable, as to be always tedious.

Is too often abroad, where she is not wanted, and not to be found at home when her presence is most necessary.

Shortens her days by lengthening her nights, and this both literally and metaphorically.

Desires to know how every thing goes on abroad.

Has the fatigue of some days to undergo before she can "set things to rights."

Entrusts her eyes and ears to her servants, and consequently seldom hears or sees aright.

Is eager, in a bustle, confused and perplexed.

Prefers the smoke & steam of crowded assemblies and theatres.

Thinks it impossible to do every thing, and therefore seldom attempts to do any thing.



If she takes up a book for amusement or instruction, it is when she has performed every necessary duty.

The neighbors point at her, and recommend her as a pattern for their daughters to follow.

Her children are cleanly, well-bred and engaging.

Her husband would be a monster indeed, if not happy at home.

Her character bids defiance to the utmost efforts of calumny.

Has a source of satisfaction, whatever sickness or misfortune befalls her.

When she visits it heightens the pleasure of returning home.

Prevented by rain from an excursion, resumes her usual employments, without the bitterness of disappointment.

Thinks, foresees, and is prepared for little disappointments.

Equal in her temper, and warm only in her family and friendly attachments.

If she reads, it is nine cases out of ten, when she ought to be doing something else.

Her character is equally conspicuous, but set up for a beacon.

Her children are slovenly, imbibe evil habits, are disgustingly vulgar, are proud and overbearing.

Her husband is soon alienated from home, and becomes a rake, or a tavern husband.

Is perpetually creating surmises, and strengthening suspicions.

Dreads nothing so much as the slightest indisposition, which may confine her to herself.

Returns from a visit, which she would wish to last forever, to a home, where all is desolate, comfortless and confused.

In a similar case is miserable, and considers the shower which replenishes the earth, and gives bread to thousands, as a provoking opposition to her will, and an impertinent intrusion on her pleasures.

Feels the delay of the milliner and mantuamaker as one of the heaviest mortifications.

Is always "in the cellar or in the garret," too low or too high; and her attachments have

With her you may live upon good terms if deserving.

Gay without affectation, lively without levity, and grave without melancholy.

Is ever content with her situation, and as it happens to become better, it has no improper influence on her mind.

Is economical without meanness, polite without affectation, and generous without ostentation.

the imprudent zeal of blind enthusiasm, from which they pass by an easy transition into the coldness of pride, or the wickedness of hatred.

Of her friendship you are never certain, whether you deserve it or not.

Volatile, romping, and grave or gay, without knowing why or wherefore.

Is envious of riches, and an imitator (how clumsily) of the manners of high life.

Is extravagant without being genteel, artificially polite, and generous by fits and starts, without doing good

out, "a miracle! a miracle!" and resolved to have the precious relic deposited in his church with all proper ceremonies; for which purpose he sent in all haste for a consecrated dish, a cross, and holy water; his surplice, stole, and cap; ordered all the bells to be rung, and sent to give notice of the joyful news to the parishoners, who thronged in crowds to the place. Then he had the skull placed in the consecrated dish, and being covered with a napkin it was carried to church in procession; during which great debates arose among the parishoners, every one insisting that some of his family had been buried in that place, that he might assume to himself the honor of having a saint in his family.

Upon their arrival at the church, the skull was placed on the high altar, and *Te Deum* begun; but when they came to the verse *Te per orbem terrarum*, a mole unluckily crawling out of the skull, discovered the secret cause of its motion; upon which a stop was put to the ceremony, and the congregation dispersed greatly disappointed. Now, if the poor cure had had less credulity, and more cunning, he would have taken care the secret were not discovered by the vulgar: in which case, we should have had yearly a long list of miracles wrought by this sanctified skull, and the church would probably have become one of the richest in France.

T. W. F.

### SOMETHING NEW!!!

*From the Augusta (Geo.) Herald.*

Messrs. Hobby & Bunce,

I inclose for your perusal, and for your publication, if you think proper, the following copy of a letter, written by a person who proposed opening a school, not far from my residence, as he was obliged to decline for want of suitable encouragement, it may seem to evidence the little patronage afforded in a frontier country to men of genius and learning.

SIR,

HAVEN been often and frequently solicited to open skool in this neighborhood and haven a promis of haven a

[From the Hibernian Magazine.]

### EXTRAORDINARY MIRACLE.

THE following appeared in a periodical publication in 1739, the year in which it is supposed to have happened, so long a time has, however, since elapsed, that it is not unreasonable to suppose, it may be both new and amusing to the generality of our readers.

Two men digging a grave, at Macon, near Nogent, upon the river Seine, found a skull which they threw upon the grass with the common unconcern of grave diggers; but soon after perceiving it to stir, they ran to the cure of the parish, and told him what they had seen.

The superstitious cure immediately supposed it to be the skull of some saint, who had been buried in that place, and therefore posted thither; when, to his great surprise and joy, he found the skull still moving, upon which he cried



considerable number of skollars sent me at a good rate which it cannot be expected that I should devoat my time and talents without reesonabel compen-sashun to be receaved which I have no doubt you will approve. I have therefore taken the liberty by recommen-dashun to acquaint you of my intenshun of commensing the instruckshun of youth which your children I am told tho very promissin have not yet had a good oppurtunity of improvement in usefull and perlite larnin.

If you should send to me, you may depend uppon every attenshun suited to their age and capacatys being as I apprehend there are a different manage-ment to be exersiced towards children of different abbillitys which I hear yours are remarkabel for there forrardness and capacity. If that are the case, there progressmakin will be doubly commen-surate. My terms of instruckshun in the small, and these just beginnen to reed and rite and sifer is five dollars a quarter always paid when children first begin, bein as some fokes mite take them away afterwards without paying not suspecting you of such conduct which I think you will approve my meth-od. To them that are taut, jeografy, matthewmattocks, and elokushun or oratory speakin, I charge six dollars, being as they requires more atenshun.

If so be as you should send you can send the money for the first quarter by any one or both of them or bring it yourself when I see you I am not particular as to a few days but I hope it wont be long.

JAMES TACKMAN.

N. B. You will pleas if you send, to send me word what branches of larnin you want them taut.

P. S. You will also send books and paper and pens and ink and a penknife, as I alwas larnne skolors to make their one pens, but you need not send pens for them that you dont want to write, nor books for them that you dont want to read which they can do without them. I need tell you in the words of the poet.

*\*Tis edekation forms the youthfull minds  
Just as the twigg's inclined,  
The treece will bend.*

#### A STRIKING INSTANCE OF LONGEVITY.

IN days of yore, a gentleman travel-ling through the Highlands of Scot-land, happened to fall in with a man who appeared to be about eighty years of age, weeping bitterly. On enquiring, the old man informed him that his father had just been whipping him.

The gentleman's curiosity led him to visit their cottage, where he saw the father; and expostulating with him on his cruelty in using thus his son, was told, that the young rascal had been throwing stones at his grandfather, who was at work in the garden.

MR. Dawson, of Virginia, has re-ported to Congress a bill for reg-ulating Divorces in the district of Col-umbia—which provides, among other things, that in case of a divorce, *the man and woman, parties to the suit, shall be placed each of them, in the same plight and condition, to all intents and purposes, as if they had never been joined in holymatri-mony!* The public, (ladies particularly) must feel themselves vastly indebted to this ingenious gentleman.

## The Visitor.

SATURDAY, March 2, 1805.

#### LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 34 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

OF CONSUMPTION 8—abscess 1—casualties (a woman burnt by falling into the fire, and a child whose clothes accidentally caught fire) 2—cholera morbus 1—debility 1—decay 1—drop-sy 1—dropsy in the chest 1—dropsy in the head 1—drowned 1—nervous fever 1—putrid fever 1—mortification of the arm 1—peripneumony 2—pleurisy 1—still-born 2—suicide by laudanum 2—and 6 of the small pox.

Of the above 16 were men—3 wo-men—5 boys—5 girls.

Of the whole number 8 were of and under the age of 1 year—3 between the age of 1 and 2—2 between 2 and 5—1 between 5 and 10—7 between 20 and 30—7 between 30 and 40—4 between 40 and 50—4 between 50 and 60—and 2 between 80 and 90.

*The Battery.*—It is contemplated to enlarge this handsome spot very consi-derably, and to render it more suitable for a parade-ground and promenade, as well as to do away the danger to vessels arising from the rocks which lie in eve-ry direction in front of it. Boats were on Wednesday employed in taking soundings to the distance of at least 150 feet from the edge; and probably the work of enlarging will soon commence.

A writer in the United States Gazette has proposed a plan for the employment of the suffering poor, instead of support-ing them by direct contributions. Their wants would be relieved, society benefi-ted, and the necessity of industry inculca-ted.

The once famed Madame La Cheva-liere D'Eon, she who at one time could boast the patronage of princes, and has been introduced to half the potentates of Europe, now languishes in a prison, at the age of 77 without a friend.

Lon. pap.

By letters received from the Mediter-ranean we learn that a duel took place between Mr. De Hart, of New-Jersey, and Mr. Nicholson of Maryland, both officers in the American squadron. The third fire proved fatal to Mr. Nichol-son. He was shot through the head and died instantly.

*Fashionable Mania.*—Last week a meeting took place, not at *Mater's Dam* the usual resort, this having been found by experience a spot most difficult to ascertain; but in a dismal spot called the Delph, near the mount. The heroic combatants were a couple of youths of quill-driving profession, a Master N—



and a Master H—. The meeting was in consequence of some rivalry in an affair of gallantry with a fair one about the age of fourteen. One of them having language indicative of wrath, the other, fired with the furor of honor, proceeded in the customary way. They accordingly met about 9 o'clock in the morning with their seconds, having previously engaged two medical youths, one an apprentice to a chymist, and the other to a surgeon. The seconds being of more pacific dispositions, and perhaps less inflamed with the rage of slaughter than their valorous principals, attempted to bring about a reconciliation, but the wounded honor of the one, and the inflexible resolution of the other, rendered their attempts abortive, and they were upon the point of proceeding to the execution of their bloody intent, when behold! the young son of Esculapius engaged by Mr. N—, appeared, and, by his pacific arguments fortunately succeeded, in preventing the tragical issue which might otherwise have been produced by this most momentous quarrel. But alas! we may exclaim with Hubribas,

"Ah me! what perils do environ  
The man that meddles with cold iron."

The heroes had scarcely shaken hands, and the mild reign of friendship succeeded the boisterous rule of passion, when certain gentlemen known by the name of police officers, appeared, and took the champions into custody. How much it is to be regretted that the vices of the great are so apt to infect the morals of their inferiors. If things go on at this rate, we may soon expect to see men of honor among our chimney-sweeps, and undaunted heroes among our shoe-blacks.

*Liverpool paper.*

### MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Daniel M. Hitchcock, to Mrs. Sarah N. Roosevelt, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Alexander Mitchell, to Miss Mary Scott, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening, Capt. Robert B. Hilyard, to Miss Sophia Crane, both of this city.

On Saturday last, Mr. William King, of this place, to Miss Nancy Shaw, of Portland.

At Demara, on the 15 of October, Henry Hunt, esq. formerly a merchant, of this city, to Miss Sarah Mary Rogers, of that place.

In Dover, Charles Pritchard, esq. aged 87, to Miss Charlotte Pursuivance, aged 19!—a young lady celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments, and worth an annual income of £7000 sterling. Having a great number of suitors, (from beardless youth to hoary age) she determined to give them all an equal chance, and accordingly pitched upon a game at "blind man's buff," to decide who should be her husband—when the gentlemen were ready, and big with expectation, she entered the room, and had the good fortune to grope upon the above young gallant.

In Boston, Dr. Anthony Perronomy, to Miss Betsey Needam, after a short courtship of 28 years.

A late Irish paper contains the following whimsical list:—Married, lately, Mr. Fisher to Miss Bait;—Mr. A. Pinkerton, to Miss Redhead;—Mr. Toby Tooth, to Sally Nail;—Mr. Patrick Hogg, to Nancy Swiney;—and Mr. Fry, co'y, to Miss Pickle, all of Oyster-Haven.

### DIED,

On the 25th inst. in this city Mr. Thomas Crosby, in the 21st year of his age.

On Wednesday morning, of a consumption, Anthony Ackley, esq. in the 47th year of his age.

Same day, Mr. Francis Augier, of Grenada.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. Mary Tillou, wife of William Tillou, of Pleasant Valley, Dutchess County, in the 64th year of her age.

Lately, in London, Miss Catharine Tibbit, aged 96, suddenly, of a broken heart occasioned by not receiving a prompt return of affection from a young clerk, on whom she doated. This youthful and tender lady, notwithstanding the rebuff her passion met with, left all her estate, 25,000*l.* to the cold hearted youth.

In Scotland, Lt. Col. Blakeney, who was badly wounded at Bunker's Hill.

### W. S. TURNER,

Informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in ap-

pearance that they can not be discovered from the natural.—His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.—In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite easance and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.

### JUST PUBLISHED,

By Ming and Young, and to be had at this office, and of most other Booksellers in this city,

GAINES'S

NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,

Containing in addition to its usual information,

A LIST

Of the Military Officers of the city and county of New-York, with their grades in the respective Regiments. Price 25 cents.

### VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sores, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York.

Price One Dollar.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 103 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse No. 20 Bowery-lane.



## THE VISITOR,

LINES,

WRITTEN DURING

## THE SACRED CONCERT,

Lately given in New-York, for the Benefit of the Poor.



From the Richmond Enquirer.

## IMPROMPTU ON A DREAM.

By a Lady.

STRANGE pow'r of fancy, o'er the human heart,  
To rouse up feelings which so long have slept;  
And e'en in sleep's dull reign—true bliss impart,  
Or wake those sorrows, former days have wept.

Last night restor'd me to the dear embrace  
Of him, who wak'd to love my virgin heart:  
And tho' divorc'd long since, from him and peace,  
I was most blest by fancy's wond'rous art!

Again the voice of love my soul imprest,  
Its soothing accents e'ry care beguil'd;  
Again the "panting tenant" of his breast,  
Responsive beat to mine—with transport wild!

Those lips! whence wisdom never fail'd to move!  
Whence genius pour'd forth all her soul of fire!  
Trembled on mine—with truest, tend'rest love,  
And rous'd the latent spark of fond desire!

The fickle pow'r denies a length of bliss,  
Soon, much too soon—the sweet illusion flew!  
I woke, all bath'd in tears, and lost to peace,  
Then close my eyes the vision to pursue.

In vain I seek to loose my cares in sleep,  
My swelling soul bursts forth in lengthen'd sighs,  
Sleep, ever prone to leave the wretch to weep!  
No more in soft oblivion seals my eyes.

I wake! to all the consciousness of woe,  
Weep o'er the past, the present, and to come:  
And feel this heart not joy, nor peace shall know,  
'Till God, himself, becomes its constant home.

O, hasten that blest day! parent of love!  
Speak to my warring passions—"peace, be still,"  
Forbid my wayward heart from thee to move,  
Its ev'ry pow'r—with all thy fulness—fill!

WHEN Music's thousand charms combin'd,  
Exert their influence o'er the mind;  
What blest emotions rise!  
Whilst 'mid the organ's pealing notes,  
All heaven itself in vision floats  
Before our raptur'd eyes!

But when, in Pity's garb array'd,  
With Charity, she lends her aid  
To succor the distress;  
When 'tis her task, with guardian care,  
From wants' abode to chase Despair,  
And calm the suffering breast:—

Music, who erst to Fancy's eye  
Pourtray'd immortal ecstasy,  
Gives real rapture birth:  
Her strains with themes seraphic glow,  
Her cares an angel's office show,  
And heaven begins on earth!

## VERSIFICATION

Of that beautiful expression in Solomon's Song,

"Turn away thine eyes from me—they have overcome me."

THOU whose tender serious eyes  
Expressive, speak the mind I love;  
The gentle azure of the skies,  
The pensive shadows of the grove,

O mix their beauteous beams with mine,  
And let us interchange our hearts;  
Let all their sweetness on me shine,  
Pour'd through my soul be all thy darts.

Ah! 'tis too much! I cannot bear  
At once so soft, so keen a ray;  
In pity then, my lovely fair,  
O turn those killing eyes away.

But what avails it to conceal  
One charm, where nought but charms we see?  
Their lustre then again reveal,  
And let me, MYRA, die of thee.

N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.



Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb. Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do. Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

## LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the line of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability continue to instil in the minds of his Pupils, with energy every part of instruction, which may have a tendency to promote their present and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he proposes opening an evening School on the first evening of October next. And conscious of his having reciprocally discharged his duty to those committed to his care, in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of further liberal encouragement in the line of his business. He continues as usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

W. D. LESELL

New-York, No. 17, Banker-street,

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